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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL THE CITY 20

Tuesday, April 21, 1914.

Baseball styles this spring, as an exchange observes, run to the damage suit.

When a suspected candidates says it's too early to talk politics, the chances are that he is lying awake nights figuring how he can cinch the nomination.

If by chance Mr. Huerta has been holding up matters as a means of advertising the moving picture films it looks as though he had overplayed the part.

Seventy per cent of the principal cities of the country show a gain for March of 8 per cent over the corresponding period of 1913, in building operations. The greatest gain is in the west.

Much discussion is going on among the newspapers now as to who was the candidate for vice president on the ticket with Taft at the time of the last presidential election. This is zero in topics.

When does the United States government propose to put in a counter claim to Colombia for the benefits that have accrued to that country by the construction of the Panama canal and converting a miasmatic swamp into a health resort?

If Barratt O'Hara is really worth no more than the $4 a week the Connecticut corset manufacturer paid him the people of Illinois drove a bad bargain when they elected him lieutenant governor. However, as a state officer he shows a versatility that he perhaps lacked as a factory hand.

According to Charles Nesbit, superintendent of insurance of the District of Columbia, Americans carry a total insurance on their lives of $4,000,000,000. Old line companies have outstanding 4,552,348 policies, while the fraternal concerns have outstanding certificates numbering 7,594,981.

Something new in methods of amending state constitutions is provided for in Mississippi. A proposed amendment must be passed by a two-thirds vote on each of three separate legislative days in each house. To be adopted it must get a majority of all votes cast for candidates in a regular election. It then requires an act of the succeeding legislature to insert it in the constitution.

MANN'S SMALLNESS.

Republican Floor Leader Mann, by his action yesterday in trying to discredit President Wilson in his effort to secure congressional authority for a campaign against Huerta, has once more proven his unfitness to hold the responsible position to which members of his party in the house have elevated him. Trying to make political capital out of a situation such as that which now confronts the nation is utterly unworthy of anyone who seeks to be classed as a statesman, and it certainly will not redound to the advantage of Mr. Mann or those who are backing him.

When the Spanish-American war was impending 16 years ago no such tactics were attempted by democrats in congress. Their support of President McKinley was not less hearty than that of the republicans.

OWNING A HOME.

It is not saying anything new to say that the man who owns a home or a farm is much more interested in building up the community than the rent-payer whose only interest is a temporary one, lasting until he moves.

Yet, do you realize how rapidly both homes and farms are passing into the hands of tenants—how rapidly great numbers of Americans are becoming nomads?

In the six rich states of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania the past generation has seen an increase of 121,167 in the number of tenant farmers, while the number of home-owning farmers actually decreased by 62,915. And what was true in these states is only a sample of what has been going on in varying but increasing degree all over the country.

But that is only one side of the picture. In the cities, too, tenancy has been increasing with similar rapidity. Here and there you find a city which boasts that its inhabitants own their own homes; but even in these conservative centers apartments and tenements are growing up like Jonah's gourds and every May day is a time when thousands flit from place to place.

As soon as a farmer "makes a pile" he moves into town and rents a house or apartment, while some tenant moves upon the homestead. The country landlord lives in town on the sweat of another man's brow and in turn is sweated by the city landlord.

That being true, remember this: Absentee landlordism has ruined every nation upon which it has gotten a commanding foothold.

If you want to feel that you are a real and vital part of the community and not a human cork floating on a tide; if you want to do something helpful to yourself and serviceable to your country, own your own home.

CANNOT BE WAR.

President Wilson is right. Any trouble we may have with the Huerta government in Mexico should not be dignified by the name of war. As well term the chastisement of a 2-year-old child by a full grown man a fight. Not only are the Mexicans inferior soldiers; but all their facilities for getting arms and ammunition are in our hands, and the country has been wasted by long civil conflict.

The fact that the United States is completely master of the situation is what makes it so necessary for us to proceed slowly and in a manner which will give the world absolutely no reason to suspect that we are acting from selfish motives.

But, carrying the foregoing comparison a little further, while spanking a child, is merely a matter of catching the youngster, training him and instructing him in the duties and responsibilities of manhood and citizenship, call for patience, firmness, breadth of view and a lot of other qualities in which the average mortal is more or less deficient. That's the real work which awaits us in Mexico.

INCREASES CONFIDENCE IN NAVY.

Greater confidence will be felt in the American navy in undertaking the work which appears to be cut out for it along the Mexican seacoast as a result of the recent order of Secretary Josephus Daniels abolishing alcohol as a beverage from the warships. Heads which direct the fleets, we may be reasonably certain, will not be muddled and the eyes which aim the guns, if aimed they must be, will see clearly.

The significance and extent of the change which has taken place in popular views regarding alcohol, as indicated by this sweeping order of the secretary, can be appreciated only when one recalls the stories of naval experiences of past generations, when rum, brandy and whisky formed a part of the regular official rations, when liquor of some kind was served, as a routine procedure, to officers and men before going into action, and when one of the chief characteristics of sailors, whether officers or seamen, was their ability to dispose of an amazing quantity of intoxicants. The development of scientific methods and the use of instruments of precision in warfare have made alcohol absolutely detrimental to the modern naval man. Sea-fights in the past were won by brute hardihood and physical endurance which could perhaps be stimulated, temporarily at least, by large doses of alcohol. The modern warship is a floating laboratory of delicate and accurate machines. The gun-pointer who directs a 14-inch rifle on the modern man-of-war needs not only personal courage, but also absolute steadiness of nerve, clearness of vision and fine muscular coordination. All these things modern physiology has shown to be impaired by even small amounts of alcohol. The engineer who superintends the machinery of the heart of the modern battleship, the man at the wheel who directs its course and the captain or the executive officer on the bridge, as well as the most humble member of the crew, need at all times to be in a condition of maximum physical and mental efficiency. Intoxication in the naval officer today might easily be as disastrous as cowardice and treason. The Journal of the American Medical Association thinks that Surgeon-General Braisted's recommendations and Secretary Daniels' order are simply in line with our growing knowledge. The nation needs on its battleships today the most capable, clear-headed, cool-brained and steady-handed men, and these men are not found among the habitual or occasional users of alcohol in any form. Entirely aside from moral or sentimental reasons, and considered simply as a scientific regulation in the interest of efficiency, this order will recommend itself to the vast majority of the American people.

MONEY VALUE OF SMOKE.

Over Half the Heat Energy of Coal Goes Up the Chimney.

To the engineer the smoke rolling and billowing out of the power house chimney is just like so many dollars taking wings from the company's strong box. The smoke escaping from a steam plant is composed of nearly 60 per cent of the heat energy of the coal which is being burned.

This energy is lost in the tiny particles of coal and carbon which escape up the chimney in the various gases which are freed before they are burned in the heated air and in various other ways. So, for every $10 spent for coal $6.50 is lost up the chimney.

Assuming that the energy of coal is 100 per cent, only 2 per cent of this is available in the form of light when you snap on the electric lamps. Nearly 99 per cent of the original coal energy is lost in transmitting this energy into heat, from heat to steam, from steam to electricity and in transmitting the electricity to your home.

The efficiency of the electric lamp is only 5 per cent—in other words, the lamp turns into light 5 per cent of the energy it receives and wastes 95 per cent of it in useless heat.—New York Tribune.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, April 19.—On April 15 two years had passed since the Titanic sank to the bottom of the Atlantic carrying 1,517 human beings with her. What has been the result of the agitation which this great disaster aroused? Wireless has been installed on a few more vessels; more and larger lifeboats are carried.

CLYDE H. TAVENNER

But in the skill and number of sailors carried to handle these boats there has been an actual decrease. The present maritime laws, permitting legalized peonage by the arrest and imprisonment of deserting sailors, are rapidly driving skilled sailors from the sea. In the next Titanic disaster there may be lifeboats a plenty. But if the sea is rough, or if launching conditions are at all difficult, the doomed ship may as well carry no lifeboats at all, if the stewards and waiters who are now called upon in emergencies to be sailors are unable to handle these boats.

The remedy lies with congress—In the LaFollette bill. This is the bill advocated by Andrew Furuseth, the legislative representative of the seamen's union. It abolishes arrest for desertion and compels vessels to carry a certain quota of skilled sailors, the test of skill to be three full years of apprenticeship service before the sailor can get articles of seamanship.

But something seems to have happened to block this measure. In the last congress the house passed it, thereby going on record in its favor. It was blocked in the senate. During this session the senate has passed it, and now the delay is in the house committee, which has the bill under consideration.

The block seems to be the new international treaty adopted by the recent London conference on safety at sea. This treaty is now before the senate. The conference at London agreed that the arrest for desertion must be continued by treaties between the nations. This is the crux of the whole affair. As long as sailors can be impressed into service, vessel owners will continue to hire crews at ports where the lowest wages in the world prevail. Abolish arrest, and the wages of the highest-wage ports will be paid on all the seas.

President Wilson sent Andrew Furuseth as a delegate to the London conference. This gaunt, sad Norwegian was the only sailor who was a member of the conference. When he saw that the conferees were agreed upon the infamous arrest for desertion he cabled his resignation to the president. And in place of this rough seafaring man the president appointed Senator James Hamilton Lewis of Illinois.

Can congress at this date recede from its position of hostility toward the arrest of seamen for desertion simply because this London conference has so decreed? If congress does so act, many believe it will seal the doom of the white sailors. It will put the world seaport in the hands of orientals, it is declared and the white sailor will be no more. My prediction is that if the house committee lets this bill out the house will pass it with a rush, and that arrest for desertion will be abolished in American ports.

Offers International Sanctuary.

The little kingdom of Holland, without a strong navy or the means to build one offers itself as a sanctuary for the big, armed brawlers among the nations. The proposal is made by Dr. H. W. van Loon, the Dutch historian, who is in Washington. Mr. van Loon proposes that since it is impossible for Holland to attempt to keep up in the race of nations for the largest armaments that Holland be declared neutral grounds for all future wars, offering safety to war vessels of other nations.

WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT

(Peoria Journal.)

A great many people who have admired President Wilson's patient handling of the Mexican muddle these many months are asking this question: "Why, after refusing to intervene in the face of the killing of Americans should the United States take peremptory steps against Huerta for a 'mere technical matter' like that involved in refusal to salute the American flag?"

In the first place, official confirmation of the killing of Americans in Mexico has not been made in any instance; secondly, it is virtually impossible, when a country is in the midst of civil war to prevent mistreatment of non-combatants who remain in the face of known danger; in the third place, if outrages against the persons of Americans have been committed, the only possible assumption in the absence of contrary proof, is that they were committed by individuals against individuals. The vital distinction is that Huerta's treatment of our marines and his refusal to make official reparation by saluting our colors form a deliberate act by one nation against another nation.

It is also pointed out by President Wilson that the Huerta government committed the grossest breach of friendship in opening and censoring the official dispatches of the United States government to its representative in Mexico.

There is no mere swashbuckling sentiment behind the United States' demand on Huerta for formal disavowal of his previous misconduct by saluting the United States flag. Toleration of deliberate, official insult would be encouragement to Huerta to proceed to the furthest extremes.

The course of the administration in Mexico just now is neither inconsistent nor Quixotic. It is warning to Huerta that patience is not cowardice, and notice to the world that the United States proposes to maintain its self-respect.

Out of the Mouth.

His youngest grandchild had managed to get possession of a primer and was trying to eat it.

"Pardon me for taking the words out of your mouth, little one," said the professor, hastily interposing.—Chicago Tribune.

Bed Time Tales

By Clara Ingram Judson

The Sunbeam's Cloak

ONCE upon a time a sunbeam wandered through the air in search of a good place to land on earth.

"I've been around so many places," he said to himself thoughtfully, "on water, in the meadows, on mountain tops and across snow covered plains—I wish I could find some new place to explore!"

Just then he spied a great dark forest.

"Ho! ho!" he exclaimed, "there's a forest! I guess that must be the very same forest the fairies told me about. They said it was full of great trees and that brooks froliced through it and flowers bloomed on their banks.

"I had forgotten all about it, but now that I am right here so close, I think I will explore."

So he slipped carefully from the cloud he was traveling on, and dropped down and down till he touched the nearest tree top.

There he rested and got his breath a minute before looking around.

Up there in the highest tree he could see glimpses of the dark forest below.

"This is very different from the meadows I have seen," he thought, "very different; and I don't wonder the fairies thought it beautiful.

"But it is all so strange I must explore slowly."

So very slowly he dropped from the topmost branch, daintily he climbed down, from leaf to leaf, from twig to twig, sliding over the shining surfaces of the dark green leaves.

At last he reached the trunk of the tree and stopped to look around.

"Isn't it beautiful!" he exclaimed. Then without even waiting to be careful any longer, he laughed gaily and slid down the trunk of the tree in one glad swoop!

All around him were other happy sunbeams who had also explored past the tree tops and found a playground to their liking.

All the morning and the noon time they played together, romping and frolicing as only sunbeams can.

About the middle of the afternoon, when their fun was at its height, a tiny voice said, "It's time now."

"Time for what?" asked the sunbeam.

"Time to put on your cloaks," answered the voice.

"Cloaks!" exclaimed the sunbeams, "we haven't any cloaks! We are sunbeams, we don't wear cloaks! What ever do you mean?"

"Of course you have never worn cloaks because you have never visited a forest before," answered the mysterious voice.

"It's time now to put on your cloaks," the tiny voice exclaimed.

"In the forest every sunbeam puts on his cloak in the middle afternoon."

"But what are they made of?" asked the sunbeams.

"Shadows," answered the voice; "here they are"!

Down from the tree flittered some soft dusky shadows, right over the sunbeams they fell.

The sunbeams wrapped them tightly around them and resumed their games.

But nobody could see them, nobody can ever see sunbeams in a forest in the afternoon.

Why?

Oh, because the sunbeams are always wrapped up tight in their dusky shadow cloaks.

Tomorrow—The Little Toy Duck.

The Onlooker

BY HENRY HOWLAND

HEROES THEN and NOW

The heroes of the olden days
Who broke their spears o'er
Death's red jaws
Were doubtless thrilled by women's praise
And eager to deserve applause;
But in the days of old
The heroes never sold
The stories of their splendid deeds and daring,
Nor marketed the facts
Relating to their acts,
For they had not learned the art of profit-sharing.

The heroes of the old time
Who led crusades and went to war
No doubt considered it sublime
To gain the ends they struggled for;
But when their deeds were done
They did not madly run
Around to find a market for their stories;
They appeared to be content,
Though they didn't get a cent,
To let others tell the wonder of their glories.

The heroes of the long ago
Whose lives were risked on land and sea
Were doubtless, when the high and low
Applauded, filled with honest glee;
But then they did not spiel
For pay in vo-de-veel,
Or, risking public sneers and peers and strictures,
Permit themselves, for gain,
To undergo the strain
Of performing it again for moving pictures.

CANDID OPINION.

One of the differences between a dog and a man is that the former may keep on being your friend, even if you haven't a cent.

Remorse is the oldest child of Discovery.

The way to the divorce court is paved with hasty promises.

Twenty Years Ago Today.

Some people were afraid Lillian Russell was becoming too plump.

Theodore Roosevelt's hat was not in the ring.

Andrew Carnegie was making no effort to die poor.

Colonel Henry Watterson was inclined to be afraid that the government was about to topple.

John Drew and William Faversham were matinee idols.

Rudyard Kipling was making no effort to keep the Irish from taking England.

Champ Clark was a rising young humorist.

The Village Cut-Up.

"Charles Billingsby always has something funny to say, no matter what happens."

"I know it. He's awful comical."

"I often wonder how he thinks of the humorous thoughts he has. He's just perfectly killing. I never heard him call an umbrella anything but a bumbershoot."

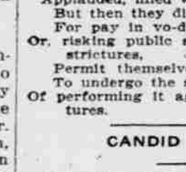
That Was One, Surely.

"Don't tell me that there are no such things as miracles nowadays."

"Show me one and I'll believe that there may still be such things."

"I saw one yesterday. Four musical experts were sitting at a table in a club to which I belong and they agreed in their opinion of Wagner."

THIS SHOULD BE CONSIDERED.



"It's no business of the public's," said the beautiful heiress, "whether an American girl chooses to buy an automobile, a dog or an earl."

"Oh, but you forget," replied the man, "that we are in the automobile and dog business ourselves."

No Danger.

"I can't understand why you wish to go to the legislature. Don't you think your business will suffer if you are elected?"

"Oh, no. You see, I manufacture things which are needed in furnishing public offices."

Strange Things One Sees in Society.

"What a homebody that Mrs. Worthwads is!"

"Yes. I saw her baby go and sit in her lap yesterday without being a bit afraid."

None of Them Going.

"Miss Butt, how do people in your house ever know what time it is?"

"Why, Willie, dear, what a question! By the clocks, of course."

"But I heard ma tell pa the other evening that your face would stop a clock."

A String.

Patience—I understand Mr. Styles has given his wife a string of pearls.

Patrice—Well, he was determined to have some sort of string on her.

Not Even Common Sense.

Mrs. Newrich—My husband has a bad cold. Mrs. Kawler—I understand that colds are quite common. Mrs. Newrich—Oh, then please don't mention my husband's cold to any one. I shouldn't want it known around that we have anything that's common.—Boston Transcript.

The Daily Story

Defective Eyesight—By Ryland Bell.

"Old Grif" we called him, and on the surface the name fitted him admirably. He was Lieutenant Colonel Charles L. Griffin of the United States artillery and commanded the seacoast fort at which I was stationed. He didn't look like a griffin at all. He got the name from the fact that he was a strict disciplinarian and when on duty gave his orders in a sharp and rasping tone.

I was in love with his daughter, May, who really commanded, because, while her father ordered the rest of us about, his daughter had him completely under her thumb. His eyesight was defective, and this rendered him liable to make mistakes. Across the parade he couldn't tell a gun carriage from an ambulance, and he was constantly mistaking one person for another.

One morning Ned Perkins, a junior officer like myself, came to me looking as if he were getting ready for a funeral.

"What's the matter, old man?" I asked.

"Matter! Matter enough. Jennie Trewbridge is at Atlantic City for the

"HOW DO YOU DO, MR. PERKINS?" SHE EXCLAIMED.

week end. I wish to join her there, and Old Grif won't give me leave."

"Why not?"

"He says that all the leaves that can be granted just now have been given."

Ned didn't tell me just why he was so anxious to go to see Miss Trowbridge, but he had confided enough before to enable me to infer the cause correctly. He was on the ragged edge with the young lady, while she was on the ragged edge between him and another fellow, a civilian, being uncertain which to accept. Ned hoped that if he could get to Atlantic City while she was there he could clinch the matter. If not he believed that the other man would in time get the girl. A civilian does not necessarily have to ask permission to go where he likes, but a soldier is on or off duty under the orders of a superior. If Perkins could have told the colonel the circumstances doubtless he would have got his leave. But how could he take his commanding officer into his confidence as to a love affair?

"Ned," I said, "are you in for any special duty for the next two days?"

"Yes, gun instruction."

"I wonder if I couldn't pass muster as you. We don't look much alike, but we're about the same height and build."

"It would necessitate your shaving off your mustache. I couldn't raise one at once."

"I would do that for you."

"But your hair is a molasses candy color, while mine is black as ink."

"Thank you for the compliment. I could dye my hair or rub some black pomade on it, which would do as well."

"Your scheme is a good one, but, gee willikins, suppose the colonel recognizes you as personating me!"

"He won't."

"No one will give me away. I'll risk that. But if Griffin should know that I have deliberately absented myself, not only without permission, but in spite of having been refused leave, he'll prefer charges, there'll be a court martial, and my army career will be blighted."

"Nothing risked, nothing gained. You are a soldier without fortune. Miss Trowbridge would make a good wife for an army officer, for she has means, and no soldier should marry a poor woman to bring up a family on the small pay we get. You go to Atlantic City, and if you get the girl you can stand being caught at absence without leave. Besides, the risk you are taking will be a trump card with the girl."

"I believe you're right," said Ned thoughtfully, "but if you are caught personating me what is to prevent trouble for you?"

"Oh, I'm safe enough. No court would convict me of a misdemeanor in helping a brother officer. Besides"—

"Besides what?"

I didn't enlighten him, but what I had in mind was that the colonel would not proceed against me without his daughter's permission, and I knew he would never get it.

That evening Perkins took a train for Atlantic City, and I shaved off my mustache, also making my hair a dull black. The next morning I was out on the parapet superintending the instruction of squads in handling the guns, when the colonel came along. He was showing the fort to some relatives who were staying at one of the hotels outside the walls. He came up to where I was standing near a gun and began to explain its workings to his friends. Presently he asked of me:

"Have these men been long under instruction, Mr."—

"Perkins. Yes, sir; they are becoming quite proficient."

The colonel stood not a dozen feet away from me. The look he gave me was, to say the least, searching. But I kept a stiff upper lip, and without noticing it walked away to another gun and began giving the sergeant in charge orders. The colonel passed on with his visitors, but I knew that he had noticed something about me that did not look like Perkins.

Before the time for gun instruction had passed I went to Perkins' quarters, thinking it possible that the colonel would send for him in order to get a closer inspection of him. I had scarcely arrived when there was a rap at the door, and there stood the colonel's orderly.

"The commander desires Lieutenant Perkins to report at the headquarters office," said the orderly, saluting.

"Very well," I replied, and the orderly withdrew.

I should have notified May of the game I had to play, so that if occasion required I might secure her assistance. I had called upon her, but she was dining out, and I did not see her. On my way to the colonel's office I passed his quarters and found her sitting on the porch. I joined her and told her of the critical position both of myself and of Perkins.

"Do you think your conscience would permit you to vouch for me?" I asked her.

"My conscience will permit a white lie if I can thereby benefit a friend," was the reply.

"Very well; I would suggest that you go to your father's office and be ready when I enter to make him believe I am Mr. Perkins."

She left me to put on a hat and when she came back took the walk leading to the office. I waited till I saw her enter, then followed her. When I reported to the colonel he had his pocketbook in his hand getting out some bills, which he gave to her. On seeing me she exclaimed:

"How do you do, Mr. Perkins? Where have you kept yourself for so long? You have not been to see me in an age."

It was plainly evident from the way the colonel blinked at me that he had sent for me to find out if I were the officer he had seen on the parapet. Evidently I did not look to him like Perkins, and I must have looked very like myself. But he could not trust his own eyesight and dared not take issue with his daughter as to my identity. Finally he looked an order to her to proceed on her way, but she declined to leave me unprotected and, resuming her seat, indicated that she would remain until her father had transacted his buiness with me. He had nothing of importance to communicate, and after giving me some improvised instructions as to points he desired the men instructed in concerning the guns he dismissed me.

I walked in the direction May would take on leaving the office and when she came out joined her, curious to know what if anything concerning me had passed between her and her father after my departure. She told me that he had seemed to be thinking of my resemblance to myself instead of to Perkins, but that to question her would be to confess that his eyesight was failing and he could not bring himself to do so.

Fearing that I might be required to pass a second examination I invited May to an excursion up the river that would keep me away for the rest of the day. I had no right thus to absent myself, but if the matter were raised, having been ministering to the pleasure of the commander's daughter, I felt assured that no notice would be taken of the breach of discipline.

May was good enough to remain away with me till the brightness of day had passed, and her father could not see in the dark. I thought that, since I was aiding my friend Perkins to propose for a wife, I might do something for myself in a like direction, and during the day I told May "my story." Since the matter had been pending between us for some time, I was not surprised at an acceptance.

Perkins waked me up before reveille the next morning to tell me that he had left Atlantic City and Miss Trowbridge long after midnight, having proposed and been accepted during the evening. He expressed deep gratitude for my efforts in his behalf, since the Trowbridge family, including Miss Jennie, were booked to sail in a few days on a six months' trip to Europe, and Ned's rival had engaged passage on the same steamer. Ned was confident that without my and May Griffin's valuable assistance he would have lost his sweetheart.

Soon after guard mount the colonel sent for Ned, who responded to the summons in propria persona. He told me that his commander looked at him with a puzzled expression, then, satisfied that he was himself, gave him an unimportant order.

The result of this single day's performance was a double wedding that occurred the next winter, in which May and I and Jennie and Ned figured as leading ladies and gentlemen.

April 21 in American History.

1778—General Washington wrote to congress regarding British peace proposals: "Nothing short of independence can possibly do. Peace on other terms would be a peace of war."

1836—Battle of San Jacinto, Tex.; defeat and frightful slaughter of Mexicans by Texans under Sam Houston; Texas independence secured.

1910—Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain), author and lecturer, died at Redding, Conn.; born 1835.